

# Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Grover is now called "the loan fisherman."

Lady Ikhul Hanum is worthy of a poem at any rate.

Anna Gould will begin to count her count as one-half, March 1.

You heard that the national treasury was empty? Nothing in it.

Consistency should not be an essential quality in financial discussions. It is cruel to expect it.

The legislature of two years ago has not said so, but it no doubt regards the present outfit as usurpers.

Next year will be the last leap year for eight years, and the new woman should then culminate and subside.

Oklahoma intends to abolish all usury laws. The average Oklahoman is not afraid of even a money shark.

As far as this session is concerned, the legislature for Oklahoma is going towards a precipice on a down-hill grade.

A Mrs. Stryker of Great Bend, has invented an automatic Parnassus-climber, and Mrs. Lease should watch out.

Not with the intention of being sensational, but just as an evidence of good faith, Philadelphia went Republican.

The khedive of Egypt has married his own slave despite all protests. The new woman is coming to the front, even in Africa.

As a starter, the king's slave, Lady Ikhul Hanum, has done very well. If she keeps up her lick she may sit next to Cleopatra in history.

After careful investigation and research, Governor Moseley, of the Choctaw nation says he is able to deny in toto the report that he is dead.

The man who talks most about hypnotism being a humbug is the man that always avoids hypnotists who would like to prove its worth to him.

We have followed England in many of her crazes, but we never run so mad after anything English, as England is now running after American gold.

The Chinese were wiped off the face of the earth at Yalu; wiped off the face of the sea at Wei Hai Wei, and the Japanese will probably seize the air next.

The most outrageous claim yet made is that by the town of Abilene—that if Burton had been elected there would have been no champagne at the banquet.

Barney Kelley denounces the story that he is going to Washington as Dick Blue's private secretary, as an infamous outrage and outrageous infamy.

The United States senators have managed to settle the financial legislation matter without breaking over their first and most important rule—to do nothing.

The Chicago Herald has been bought from Banker Walsh. The hard times are biest if they can force all the newspapers in the hands of bankers, out of the hands of bankers.

Captain Marks of Kentucky, the most noted gambler in the south, died yesterday at 49 years of age. That is a tender age and shows that poker does tell on the constitution.

After almost wrecking the country, Cleveland wants the credit of saving it from the wreck. This is too much like setting residences on fire in order to give the fire department exercise.

If that Oklahoma bill making a railroad that runs within six miles of a town build a line to the town passes, the average Oklahoman will look like the branch of a stunted pear tree.

Just forty-three years ago the south was visited with a winter just like this. And the oldest inhabitant straddles the stove and thanks heaven that he will be dead before it strikes again.

The eastern gold-bug papers are calling the western silver papers lunatics, and by a strange coincidence that is just what the western silver papers think of the eastern gold-bug papers.

Lady Hanum's story from Egypt shows that there is some foundation after all, for the Circassian beauties, which the American public have been educated to believe in, by the traveling circus.

The Democratic vote in Philadelphia was largely helped out by the knowledge that the present congress will soon adjourn and a Democrat will not necessarily be public property for geying purpose.

The Oklahoma legislature has killed all usury laws. The idea in Oklahoma appears to be that if that territory can avoid all the things that Kansas has committed, Oklahoma will be in pretty good shape.

Railroads within six miles of an Oklahoma town must build to that town. Or in other words if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will get a legislative derrick and assist the mountain.

The story of the khedive of Egypt and his fair slave, Ikhul Hanum, published in the foreign dispatches of the Eagle yesterday morning, has more real romance in it than any novel that has been published in a year.

Clyde Mattox has made such a hard struggle for life that a great many people would be glad should he escape hanging. It may not be right but it is human nature for men to hope that a hard-fought battle will be won.

## THE TWO DROMIONS.

It matters little to the public that Grover Cleveland was in dire need of a friend, or that he was willing to capitulate with his worst enemy, in order to secure his aid in pushing the gold bond resolution through congress. Humiliating and sickening as was the spectacle it was worthy of the participants, and will be looked upon simply as one of those shifts in politics which the charlatan and the demagogue regard as legitimate.

What concerns the people most is the resolution itself. It bears repeating, and should not be lost sight of, that it was a last desperate effort to turn the evenly balanced scale toward making all future government obligations payable in gold. It was the supreme moment, and called for any sacrifice. Such mixing of water and oil, however, will be but temporary. The fulsome eulogies which fell from the mouth of this demagogue will be taken at their word. His angling for prestige and reaching for the president's influence will hardly be sufficient to restate him as a party leader in New York. His late knock-out, he will find, is to be permanent, and neither his change of front toward Cleveland nor his conversion to a gold standard will avail him hereafter. The people are thoroughly and permanently done with this class of demagogues. The end of it is that Cleveland is humiliated and Hill has shown once more that he is a trickster and a turn-out.

Had the effort proved a success the disgrace would be less galling. Nothing succeeds like success, but when failure comes of the most desperate means to attain it, it is most deplorable. Albeit, these two Dromions, in this "Comedy of Errors," have played their part. The record is made, and the book is closed. Whatsoever of strife or personal jealousies may lie in their path, there was one day of soul-inspiring harmony between them.

## NEW MUSICAL HYPNOTISM.

Some days ago the Eagle made reference to a curious hypnotic experiment in music. Music as a science has long baffled the critics. They have reduced it to an art of tones and harmonies; but they cannot explain why certain "clang tints," or colors in sound, should represent or awaken certain conditions of feelings, or certain themes, or tunes, should inspire certain emotion. Wagner attempted to give personality to certain musical phrases, or leading motives; and despite the cry of the advocates of pure harmonies the greatest maestros have indulged in onomatopoeic effects. Scarlatti wrote a cat fugue; Mendelssohn imitated a donkey's bray; Beethoven, the God of Music, composed a battle symphony, and even Wagner echoed the birds. What would music become if for a moment one should overthrow its conventional associations? The laws of harmony do not teach us, for instance, that the minor key should be interpreted invariably as the voice of sorrow, nor that the villain's voice should be bass, or the oboe signify a pastoral episode.

Suppose a genius should arise who should write a lyrical drama on entirely reverse lines, in which the villain should be a tenor and the lover a basso profundo, and in which all the sad passages should be sung in the major key and all the merry arias in the minor; would not the sensation eclipse the famous Meyerbeer opera joke? And yet, why, if there be a fundamental scientific basis for music, should the discord of yesterday become the chord of today, the heretical cadence of tomorrow? Why should Chopin have offended? Wherefore the war between Handel and Bach? Why the modern Wagnerite and the anti-Wagnerite—say, Saint-Saens and Massenet? Is "Il Trovatore" or "Don Giovanni" any less immortal than "Falsiati" or the Niebelung Trilogy?

Professor Alfred S. Warthin, demonstrator of chemical medicine in the University of Michigan, solemnly makes a startling claim. He declares that "while he was attending a series of performances of Wagner's operas he discovered that certain people in the audience were in a state of self-induced hypnosis. Further study of this condition enabled him to determine that these music lovers were for the time being so completely absorbed by sounds that all external relations were removed from them; that they were in a state wherein nothing but music existed, or, in other words, that they were completely under the influence of the music drama." Following up his discovery, Professor Warthin tried the hypnotic experiment upon a brother physician with the ensuing remarkable results:

The gentleman was placed in a hypnotic state, and Wagner's "Ride of the Walkure" was played at him on the piano. Immediately the subject's face showed great mental excitement, his body twitched with violent emotion, his legs were drawn up in seeming agony, his arms tossed wildly in the air, and he broke out in profuse perspiration. On being awakened from his trance the patient declared that he had not perceived the music as sound, but as feeling, and that feeling was the sensation of excitement, as if he were riding furiously through the air. Another subject experimented upon with the fire music of "The Walkure" gave every indication that he felt himself in the midst of flames. The "Walthalla" motive gave a third patient the firm belief that he was climbing a lofty mountain and surveying a landscape of much beauty and grandeur. One of the most remarkable effects produced during the investigation consisted in suddenly changing the music from that which Wagner wrote to that which Wagner did not write. Extraordinary results ensued. All frenzy immediately ceased. "The subject's face became ashy pale; the pulse dropped from 120 to 40 beats per minute and became irregular, soft and small; the respirations were increased in number and became sighing in character. The whole picture presented one of complete collapse, so that all who saw it were alarmed. On being awakened the subject said he had been oppressed by a horrible

fear, because 'everything had suddenly seemed to come to an end.'"

Can it be that music is a species of delightful hypnosis, after all? That composers hypnotize their hearers as Syngal mesmerizes Trilby? Has Wagner so hypnotized his admirers that when they hear Verdi or Massenet they also feel that everything has suddenly come to an end? Innumerable experiments suggest themselves. What effect might follow the playing of "After the Ball" before a listener hypnotized by a Beethoven sonata, or the rendering of a Bach fugue before one under the spell of "Dreaming of Love?"

## HOW THEY SCOLD.

The Democratic press seems to be in a scolding mood, much after the order of a fussy old dame who, having blundered in the management of her household, loses her temper at sight of every passing shadow. They scold Cleveland; they belittle Carlisle; they scourge Hill; they score Wilson, and denounce the Republicans wholesale. Somebody, somewhere is to blame for their disappointment, but in locating it there is confusion worse confounded. There is not an organ in the country that can solve the riddle. The mysterious individual who struck Billy Patterson as clear as noonday in comparison with the mystic spirit who has hoodooed the Democratic party. Conscience of being done up, they strike out, blind as an adder in dog-days, but their venom pollutes so small a decimal of space that no harm is inflicted.

The Detroit Free Press, a staunch supporter of the old-time vagaries, not to say their time-honored principles, is somewhere between a stev and a cold sweat over the status of government finances. With righteous indignation it says: "Financial conditions in this country are humiliating to the average patriotic citizen. We have ill-advised laws and an incongruous currency system, from which relief might have been afforded but for a stupid neglect of proper legislation." An "incongruous currency," whatever that is, does seem to be an unruly element in the hands of an incongruous party. The Press fails to note, however, that it is the same currency which served the Republicans so well for over thirty years, save as modified by one single effort to "reform" it by the party now at the helm. There is room to suspect that the incongruity grows out of this measure, for we have biblical authority that new wine in old bottles creates a ferment not at all wholesome for those who use it.

We may infer that this organ has not quite given up the ship of state, for it goes on to say: "The treasury reserve will not be fatally impaired so long as existing laws under which he acts remain in force. Congress may be delinquent, but the president may be relied upon so long as his power is equal to the demands of the recurring financial exigency." In other words, the law, so long as in force under Republican rule, is the sheet anchor of this dismembered body of the country as well—from utter lawlessness which is to save the craft—annihilation.

The best advice that could be given to these people would be, to hold on to the willows a few days longer, till their days of rule expires by limitation, after which the grand old party—the party that made our currency, the party which saved us at Appomattox—will furnish the Moses to lead them out of their most puzzling dilemma. Criminalization and recrimination only adds to the petty domestic hatreds engendered by this attempt to keep house without a safe counselor. Let the organs cease their bickering, let the erstwhile statesmen cork up their wrath, and peace will reign in the house when the onerous duties of government are surrendered to more competent hands.

The two young ladies who effect blue, and Marie, of saccharine qualities, have slipped back in the alley in mortification while the resuscitated Ben Bolt and his rejuvenated Alice splurge up the avenue of popularity.

"What have you eaten that has disagreed with you?" asked a doctor of the dying vagabond. "Nothing," the wretch replied. "Nothing has disagreed with you eh?" "Nothing has," answered the tramp. And that is what is the matter with our national treasury.

## OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

Wheat sells for 50 cents on the market at El Reno.

It may be possible to make railroads build into every town, and it may not.

Secretary Lowe has issued a charter to the Bank of Shawnee, at Shawnee, Col. Blackwell was acquitted of the charge of high treason in the Cherokee courts.

The Oklahoma legislature is strongly opposed to putting up any scare-crows on money.

The Guthrie Capital would like to see all town-site bonds compelled to board themselves.

Now if the cows will do their duty, ice cream ought to be cheap in Oklahoma next summer.

An old rooster at Ardmore crowed all night during the blizzard to keep his voice from freezing.

The latest from Milligan is that he is calmly smoking his pipe and awaiting the hour of his execution.

A colored boy at Langston has gone crazy. He is troubled with the hallucination that he is Grover Cleveland.

Hicks says we are going to have another blizzard next Sunday and Oklahoma should get ready to turn up its coat-collar.

There is a good deal in the action of the legislature on usury. Money has a way of cutting down interest by lively competition.

The Stillwater-Peckins fight is being carried on in Guthrie. This relieves the fellows at home of a powerful lot of responsibility.

The home of Emory Foster, three miles south of Chandler, was recently burned to the ground. A fine library went up with the flames.

The Auburn penitentiary. There's a reputation of the old adage that too many Cooks spoil the broth.

Enid Wave: The Hon. M. Francois Felix Faure, the new president of France, is the very picture of Captain Haasler and is probably related to the captain outside of the large amount of Pennsylvania Dutch blood that courses in his veins.

Statehood has become only an echo. The Republicans after all will make Oklahoma a state, and they will do the right thing. There was a good deal of doubt about the Democratic congress. There will be none about a Republican congress.

Enid Wave: In visiting some of the clerks' rooms of the legislature at Guthrie we found the boys and girls hard at work playing whist. No wonder they complain of their wages being low; it is fully worth \$5 to play whist all day, and they only get \$3 and \$4.

## Short Talks With Farmers.

It has been suggested that all lands that are to be sold to grow up with wheat should be sent the far and wide, should be heavily taxed.

Crude petroleum is an excellent liniment for cuts, bruises, and sores on animals, and a bottle of it should be within reach in the stable.

The hogs that have not yet been slaughtered will prove expensive during this cold weather, as it requires too much corn to keep them supplied with warmth.

Arsenate of lead is a new insecticide, serving the same purposes as Paris green, with the advantage that it does not injure the foliage, and shows white on the trees, thus being readily seen.

It is an easy matter to feed the stock on coarse foods, to save expenses, but the next point is how much will the profit be. Coarse foods are well enough in their place, but grain and linseed meal should not be left out of the ration.

Shoveling snow when the ground is covered a foot deep may not be pleasant work for a farmer but it is the proper mode of giving the animals an opportunity to get outside without being compelled to struggle through heavy drifts.

Farmers' meetings in winter have done much to improve agriculture wherever they are held. The members discuss subjects of importance in agriculture and stock growing, and frequently excellent lectures are delivered by eminent scientists.

It is now conceded that the frozen meat trade between Australia and England does not fulfill the anticipations of its promoters, and the live cattle of this country will hold the best place in the affections of the consumers of beef in Great Britain.

Judging of the value of an animal by its weight will not enable to learn if the animal affords a profit. It is the cost of the animal that gives the value. A small animal may give a larger profit than one that is heavier because its cost is proportionately much less.

The southern cow pea is a better crop for plowing under than rye, and is nearly equal to clover in many respects. It is, like corn, a summer crop, however, and the seed cannot be planted until the ground is well warmed. It seems to thrive on any soil that will produce corn.

As soon as the snow clears away it will be advisable to make preparation for applying fertilizers to the strawberry beds. If the land is liable to be washed by heavy rains it will be well to delay the work until later, but it should be done before the new shoots begin to appear.

Prof. J. B. Smith, of the New Jersey Agricultural Experimenting Station is of the opinion that there are often two broods of codling moths each season, and advises not only early spraying but frequent spraying thereafter. To protect the fruit the grower must determine to spray often until danger is past.

The German government has ordered the use of paper horseshoes for the horses of the army. No nails are used, the shoes being attached to the feet with a kind of cement, which has so far given satisfaction, but the test of a severe winter and wet spring is yet to be made. The shoes are attached to the fore feet, iron being used on the hind feet.

Many animals cease to thrive because they require a food more succulent than the continued diet of grain and hay. A few carrots, a mess of potatoes or turnips, cooked, or even ensilage, occasionally, will make quite a difference in the appetite, and consequently do much to promote thrift. Medicine is frequently given when a succulent mess would accomplish all that may be desired.

Do not pay high prices for a few pounds of tubers of some new potato that may have many claims in its favor unless you are sure of its excellence, and even then it would be well to wait until it has been given test for several years, as many varieties may be unreliable in some sections. Novelties in seeds, fruits and vegetables are brought out every year, but they sometimes happen to be old varieties with new names. They spring into existence as novelties one year and sink out of sight in two or three seasons.

## Homes British Shipwreckers.

A British "master mariner of twenty years' standing" writes to the New York Herald: "The Crathle is an English ship, and it is a notorious fact that this class of vessels are at the present day sadly, almost criminally, undermanned; dangerous not only to themselves, but to every other vessel that sails the seas in company with them."

The mate of the Crathle is reported to have been in charge, and had probably been on duty for some time, and it is a fact that many of the gravest marine disasters have taken place between 4 a. m. and 6 p. m., because the men on duty at this time have probably had no more than three hours' sleep during the whole twenty-four hours.

Let your representative interview one of the captains of the Liverpool ships, and they will tell him that their great dread in the Channel is the undermanned tramp. They will also tell him that in order to get out of the way of these collisions it is not an infrequent thing for them to have to turn their vessel right round to avoid disaster. Mr. Moffat, the owner of the Crathle, states that her stern and fore-castle were twisted right round; this points to the fact that neither vessel had slowed down, and that the great speed at which the Elbe was proceeding wrenched her opponent's stern in the manner indicated.

A most rigid and searching investigation should be held to inquire into

the cause of this sad accident, and should the evidence establish the fact of the Crathle having been undermanned, there ought to be no question or doubt of fixing the blame. The French press have advanced the statement that British seamen are brutal. This is not so. It is the British shipowner that is becoming callous.

## Caught a "Big Horn."

The only Rocky Mountain sheep known to be in captivity, says the San Francisco Chronicle, arrived yesterday from Modoc county, and is temporarily quartered in a stable until the park commissioners can find a suitable habitation for the new curiosity in Golden Gate park. The horned beauty, whose future occupation in life will be to create speculation among visitors to the park as to whether he is a Fiji Island goat or the only living specimen of an otherwise extinct breed of deer, is a most interesting little animal. The only disappointing quality which he possesses is a total lack of that timidity which all Rocky Mountain sheep are reputed to possess.

The new addition to the park commissioners' collection of curious quadrupeds looks as if he might possess enough vigor and vitality to lead a keen sportsman a rapid chase up a perpendicular cliff were he so inclined. But he does not seem to have inherited a suspicious disposition. He is more docile and less wicked than a Telegraph Hill goat. Probably that fact will make him more valuable as a park specimen. He has a weakness for having his head scratched, and he will doubtless be thus able to furnish amusement to many visitors of the park when he enters upon the duties of his new occupation.

The new arrival, barring his thick, curling horns, bears a strong resemblance to the deer which now roam about the deer park in the park. His head and tapering limbs could not very well be more akin to those of a deer. He has the same tawny color, which is only relieved by a strip of white down his back, and he has the funniest little tail that any sheep ever possessed.

## Gold in the Garbage.

Berlin has gone a step in the right direction in using the garbage of the city in an economic and hygienic way. The garbage of the collection is emptied into a large cylinder of wire netting with very wide meshes. The heavier parts drop right through and into another cylinder, the meshes of which are only one and one-half inches wide. At the end of this cylinder an air-current from an electric ventilator carries all light articles like papers, rags, etc., while the heavier ones drop upon a turning table, where attendants pick out bones and glass, etc., while organic matter, etc., is ground and sold as fertilizer. What fell through the two cylinders is further sorted through one-half inch wire nets, retaining the unburnt coal and cokes, and dropping the ashes. The rags and papers gathered are turned into wrapping paper on the premises, and this product sells at about \$36 per ton. The fuel recovered from the garbage furnishes the necessary steam power and electric light for the entire plant, and the ashes are taken away in barges. It is estimated that fully 20 per cent of the ashes in the garbage are unconsumed coal and coke. The Berlin plant has paid its expenses since its opening a short time ago, and handsome profits will be realized by the city in this venture.

## Behind the Musical Bars.

Gabrieli once "suffered" a twelve-days' imprisonment for a whimsical refusal to sing in her usual first-rate style. It was the occasion of a state dinner given by the Viceroy at Palermo. Gabrieli had been engaged for the function, but, as she did not put in an appearance, the dinner was delayed and a messenger dispatched to ascertain the cause of her absence. The messenger was promptly informed that Gabrieli was in bed, where she had become so absorbed in a favorite author that she had forgotten the engagement. Resenting the command for her appearance, the lady began by singing her worst, and when the Viceroy urged her to be less foolish, she refused to sing at all. "The Viceroy may make me cry," she said; "but he can never make me sing." For this freak Gabrieli was sent to prison, as we have indicated, for twelve days, during which time, being utterly unable to do as she pleased, she fasted her friends in great style and enjoyed herself in a variety of ways.—Argonaut.

## Mme. Sarah in a Sea of Satin.

Sarah Bernhardt's bed is nearly fifteen feet broad, and when the fascinating Sarah is indisposed and receives her intimate friends reclining on a couch, she looks like a red-plumaged bird floating on a great sea of white satin.

## Easy Sum.

"What does 'quartered oak' mean, father?" inquired little Dennis McKay, who had been reading the advertisement of a large furniture manufacturing company. "An here's the results of a calculation," ejaculated Mr. McKay, with an expression of great content on his ruddy face. "It's no by that, I mean a quarter of a subtrahend, multiplied in an dividin for the last six years—count next Daychamber, an has to ask his poor old father the main of a simple little sum like that."

"Why, I didn't know!" began Dennis, much abashed, but his father gave a deprecating wave of his right hand.

"And fry didn't ye know?" he broke in. "Fry! Because the cultivation of common sense is not included in your eocorycolum at school, that's fry. Stan me cop in a row, an ask me how many is eleven, sixteen, twenty, an forty-four, an it's moself that I'd have never a word to say. But let me catch ye in a windy where there's chape chairs an tables an other furniture, marked 'quartered oak,' an the odd shanty at the apple cut corner four paces, that was larnt me as a b. y. inter four back to me."

Then's four quarters to every hilled this in this world, Dennis, me son, an whin a table is 'quartered oak' accordin to the man that sells it, be the same token you may know it's thrany quarters pine, ayen if he makes no mistion at it."

## Curran's Wit.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke, and it was strong, if not in death, at least in his last illness. One morning his physician observed that he seemed "conquered with more difficulty."

"That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "for I have been practicing all night."

While thus lying ill, Curran was visited by a friend, Father O'Leary, who also loved his joke.

"I wish, O'Leary," said Curran to him abruptly, "that you had the cure of heaven."

"Why, Curran?"

"Because you could let me in," said the facetious counselor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said the good humored priest, "that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."—Green Bag.

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